

FANTASTIC FREE EASTER GIFT!

MARVEL
25th Mar 89

THE REAL

Nº41 38p
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GHOSTBUSTERS™

YIKES!

FREE





Balloons and cake! This can mean only one thing! Yes, folks, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS COMIC** is one year old! Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday dear Gho... well you get the idea! So, to celebrate this momentous occasion, we have for you an issue which will truly zap you into the land of bliss. Firstly, you will almost certainly have noticed that there is a **FREE GIFT** adorning the cover of this very comic. Not just any old free gift either. For it is, in fact, a Ghostbusters Slimy Jelly of truly jelly-like and slimy proportions! Not only that, but it's Easter as well.

Also, watch out for the next issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, when there'll be a **FREE SLIMER BADGE!**

Good grief! There's more! For those fans of computer games among you, **ACTIVISION** have just brought out a wonderful new **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** computer game which features all manner of gruesome ghosties! To celebrate this, there will be a competition in issue forty-three of this wonderful publication, with more than fifty fabulous **ACTIVISION** prizes to give away.

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Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **BAMBO**
 Editor **HELEN STONE** Assistant Editor **PERI GODDBOLD**
 Spiritual Guide **DAN ABNETT**

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





WOW, WHERE'S
THE REST OF THE
EASTER BUNNY?



UGGH, I'VE NEVER SEEN
SUCH A DISGUSTING
EGGSAMPLE OF WHAT AN
EASTER EGG SHOULD
LOOK LIKE. SLIMER
WILL LOVE IT.



EGGSCUSE ME, BUT
DO YOU HAVE ANY
ORDINARY EGGS
ANYWHERE?



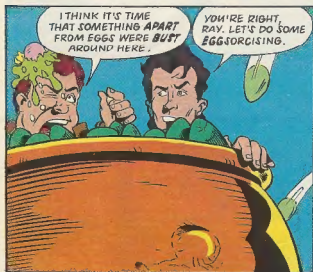
OF COURSE, SIR.
WOULD YOU LIKE
PLAIN OR **POSITIVE**?
HA HA HA.

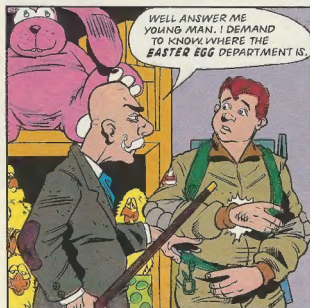
OH NO, I'VE HEARD
ABOUT **SUCKING EGGS**.
BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.
PETER... **HEREELP!**



LIZARD'S EGGS
WITH NO ADDED FAT
OR SCALES. YUCK!

PETER, YOU
KNOW YOU SAID
THIS PLACE WAS
WEIRD, WELL...





SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

EASTER

Happy Easter! This celebration prompts me to say a few words on the subject of Easter Island, discovered last century by the great explorer Captain Cook. As Peter pointed out, through a pepperoni and guacamole sandwich (the West Pier Pizzeria was shut), 'Naggrydody goe spout ear ishland.' This may be roughly translated as 'Everybody knows about Easter Island.' So I thought I'd say a few words about an often forgotten, but just as amazing neighbour of Ear Ishland. I'm sorry, Easter Island.



PART 41

Fungela Island

You may remember me mentioning Central Fungelatamia and its native residents, the Dum Wakka Dum Wakka tribe in last week's Spirit Guide. Well, Central Fungelatamia is the main country on the tiny Pacific island of Fungela. In fact it's the only country. In fact it's about the size of a football pitch. I read in *International Geographic* recently, that the Dum Wakka Dum Wakka were actually thinking of getting the country carpeted.

Really Small Find

The island was discovered by Jenkins Dupres-Urquhart. He almost missed it, it was that small, but the bizarre

sound of chanting was picked up by his look-out and he rowed off to investigate. The chanting was a steady 'Dumm wakka dum wakka dum wakka dum'. Dupres-Urquhart went ashore. Some of his men tried to join him, but found that some of the natives were falling off the other side of the island as they stepped back to make room.

Very Good Reason

The reason for there not being enough room to swing a cat on Fungela is that the natives had built a great number of crude stone statues on the island. Each statue was meant to repre-

sent a departed ancestor. You see, the Dum Wakka Dum Wakka believed that the spirits of their relatives would only rest in peace if a statue was put up in their memory. Of course, by erecting a twenty-foot monolith every time one of the tribe popped his sandals, the islanders soon found that they had began to run out of room pretty fast. So, they started to build the statues one on top of the other at each of the island's corners. After a few decades, they ended up with a home-land that was ninety feet square, four hundred feet tall and looked like an overturned stool.

An Old Fungela Saying You May Find Useful

There is an old Fungela saying you may find useful. The Dum Wakka Dum Wakka tribe appease their family ghost because they believe that if they don't, the ghosts will come back and demand to have forty statues made of each of them. The Fungela saying 'Dum wakka dum wakka dum wakka dum' is a prayer to ghosts, meaning roughly, 'Oh spirits of my ancestors, please be happy about the little statue I ran off for you and please don't demand thirty-nine others or I will soon be in need of a statue myself.'

IT'S
WICKED!TM



**COMING SOON
TO HAUNT THE WORLD!**

THE ALL-NEW SPOOKY HORROR FROM MARVEL

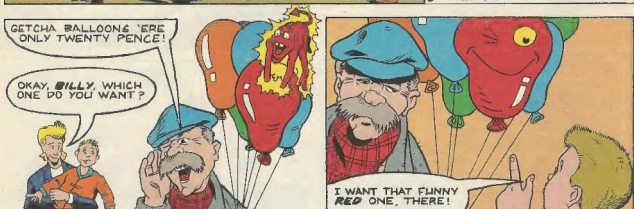
THE REAL ~~GH~~OSTBUSTERS™

SOMEWHERE IN THE METROPOLIS...



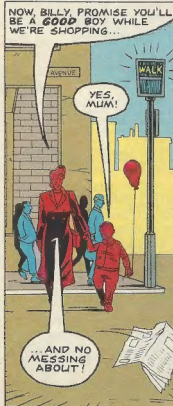
GETCHA BALLOONS 'ERE ONLY TWENTY PENCE!

OKAY, BILLY, WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT?



NOW, BILLY, PROMISE YOU'LL BE A GOOD BOY WHILE WE'RE SHOPPING...

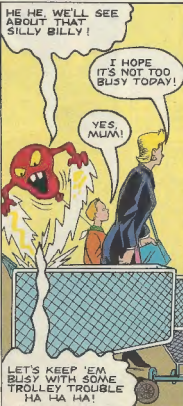
YES, MUM!



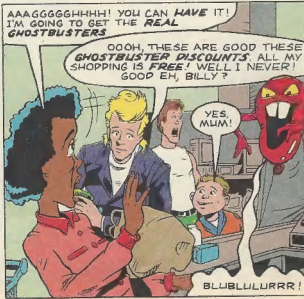
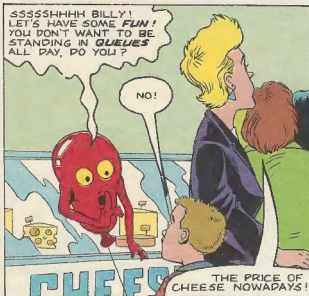
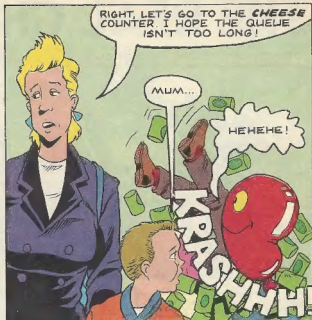
HE HE WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT SILLY BILLY!

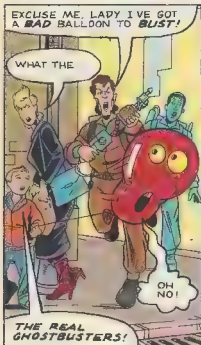
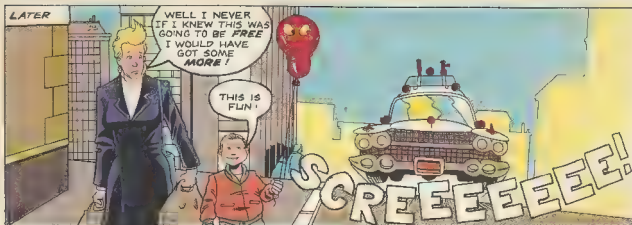
I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO BUSY TODAY!

YES, MUM!



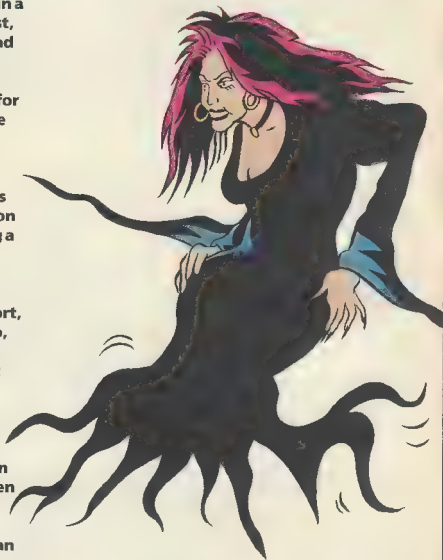
Story JOHN CARNELL Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering TOM LEARNER Colouring STUART PLACE





CRUELLA MOULDING

This class one full-torso apparition was the ghost of a make-up girl who worked in a television studio. The ghost, who in the mortal world had gone under the extremely theatrical name of Cruella Moulding, was renowned for being able to transform the most spectacularly handsome people into less spectacularly handsome people. Downright hideous in fact. This peculiar gift won her the privilege of turning a very good-looking young man into the star of a well-known and much admired film. He did, in short, play the part of Quasimodo, the Hunchback of Notre Dame. This also meant that Cruella acquired the reputation for being something of a witch. Who knows, this may have had more than a grain of truth in it, for there were times when she achieved extremes of hideous artistry which seemed to require more than the contents of her make-up kit could offer. Anyway, she was foolish enough to practise her arts upon the Ghostbusters, who promptly zapped her into a containment unit, out of harm's way.



DEAD TRUE!



he literary depiction of a ghost, is that of a wailing, purposeless

waif, but some spirits return to earth with a specific task in mind. Some have messages they wish to deliver to the living, others wish to help mortals in times of peril, and there are those whose motives are not so pure. Such as those who seek revenge!

In July of 1884, a dinghy floated aimlessly in the Atlantic for twenty-five days. Its crew consisted of the four remaining survivors of the sunk yacht, *Pierrot*. Close to death with starvation and exposure, Captain Edwin Rutt, suggested as a last desperate measure that they should draw lots and the loser should be eaten by the other three. The youngest member of the crew, eighteen year old Dick Tomlin, sealed his

fate when he objected to the grisly solution, claiming that he would rather die than eat human flesh, so they ate him.

Four days later, the surviving three were rescued. The remains of the unfortunate victim were returned to shore by the horrified Captain of the rescuing ship. The three survivors were tried and condemned to death for murder. However, due to an intervention by the Home Secretary, there was a reprieve and the men each served a six month jail sentence. It was thought that their gruesome experience was punishment enough. Unfortunately, this sentiment was not echoed by the deceased Dick Tomlin.

On the release of the three men, the horrors began in earnest! One of them died from a shattered skull when he was thrown from his cart. It is said that the horses bolted out of control because standing in front of them, as the mist cleared, was a figure swathed in blood-

stained bandages. Captain Rutt believed that the ghostly figure was, in fact, one of the unfortunate victim's relatives masquerading as a spectre. However, fear got the better of him and he pleaded to the police to allow him refuge in their cells. The constables scoffed at his bizarre and spooky tale, but nevertheless, they took pity on the poor deranged soul and granted him a single night's lodging in the cells.

At 3am that morning, the warders were brought running by an ear piercing scream coming from the cells. Rutt was found dead, his face a terrible mask of anguish and terror. A hellish chill filled the cell as the warders discovered, clenched in the fingers of the poor man, shreds of cotton and blood-stained gauze!



WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN ◯ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and BAMBOS ◯ Colouring HEL

Friday, March the 17th, 1989

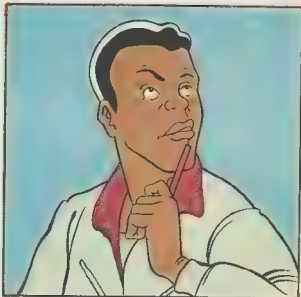
It was my own fault, I suppose. Looking back, if I hadn't been complaining about being stuck in New York in March, Egon would never have hauled me on board that plane and whisked me and Slimer off to Easter Island. Egon's like that. He sits in the Ghostbusters' HQ kitchen, quietly reading books like *Forty Ways to Identify Mushrooms in the Dark*. Then, Janine thrusts a Ghost Report into his hand and he's up, pacing the room muttering "Most unscientific", and things like that. I should have remembered not to have asked him if he needed any help, but I didn't. As usual, I ended up in the middle of nowhere dealing with paranormal craziness before I'd even thought to have my first coffee of the day!

There was a bright side to the whole thing. It's not often you get the chance to see flying fish jumping out of the ocean, or fly across one part of the world's biggest ocean in brilliant sunlight. We even saw a couple of dolphins swimming off the shores of Easter Island. However, even as the plane was landing, I remember telling Egon and Slimer that this was a really weird case.

Easter Island is covered in these huge, mysterious stone statues you see, and some missionary out there had reported that they'd been moving. Moving in a big way, and smashing up the only town that was worth talking about on the island. So far they'd flattened four houses, the post office and the library. The settlement was pretty new, and if things went on the way they did, not only would the islanders have a bad Easter, they wouldn't even be staying. Egon told me that the problem needed solving, fast. Which was why I missed my first coffee.

Of course, when we left the plane and met the missionary – the Reverend Isabod the Third – I rather suspected the problem wasn't the statues at all, the problem was Isabod. There he was, dressed in bright clothes, a purple polka dot tie and odd shoes, jabbering on about these walking statues, and how all this mess was ruining the Easter celebrations. He took us up to the statues on the hills, where the only sign that they'd been walking were some huge footprints. Very difficult to fake, but you never can tell. Even the flattened buildings could have been the neighbourhood kids having fun – I've seen neighbourhood kids do that before.

Egon took several Psycho-Kinetic Energy readings and registered a definite presence, but one that didn't seem evil in any way, just



odd. Between Isabod, Egon's scientific comments about the statues and Slimer asking hopefully about Easter eggs, I hardly got a thought in edgeways.

(I'd better mention at this point that Slimer thought Easter Island was where Easter eggs came from, which was why he tagged along in the first place. Crazy ghost, huh?)

Well, we walked around the statues, I gave one a kick and nothing happened. This bust was looking like it was going to be a bust, right? Isabod mentioned that the most recent thing that had been destroyed by the statues' trappings was Captain Bird's Specifically Pacific Chip Shop. Slimer moaned, miserably at the thought of food, and was shocked when something moaned back. I don't know if you've ever seen a huge stone statue tear itself out of the side of a hill before, but just in case you haven't, I can recommend one thing – get out of its way, fast. It's very difficult to run with a Proton Pack on your back and Slimer and Isabod the Third had a hundred-yard head start on us before we'd even managed to think of getting out of the way of the ten stone statues pacing towards us. I gave them a quick blast of Proton Energy, which had no effect whatsoever, then followed Egon down the hill as fast as I could.

"We need a plan", he said. Now, you know as well as I do that Egon's plans usually involve vast amounts of complicated, scientific equipment and the entire power output of a large electric sub-station to run them on. When I pointed out that none of these things were available in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, he shrugged and ran even faster.

For stone statues, they moved really fast. We ran past Isabod's Church, where the islanders were preparing their Easter decorations. The statues nearly gained on us then, but for some reason they took an interest in the flower beds around the church, before lumbering on into town. It looked like they were trying to pluck the flowers, but they were just too clumsy to pick anything up. Then they walked straight through the Cashmart. It was like so much balsa wood to them. Slimer grabbed at a few chocolate eggs and managed to pick up an Easter bonnet from somewhere, while I gave a shriek as the only bar in the place came crashing down under stony feet



Egon reckoned the statues were making for the beach, so we headed in that direction. At the bottom of an ancient causeway, several rounded objects lay scattered on the ground, looking like giant stone birds' nests. When I asked him, Isabod managed to mutter that these were the statues' hats. I told you this island was weird.

While we were waiting to be trampled to death by stone statues, Egon tried to explain the mystery surrounding them. Typical of Egon to do something like that in the thick of disaster! Although there were no records of the statues moving before, there were plenty of "interesting theories" about who'd built them, some of them more crazy than others. Von Doniken seemed to think they were assembled by spacemen on holiday, while some other scientist, called Gressler, decided that they were ancient guardians against evil. Of course, there are a few cynics who say they were simply carved by Polynesian natives

with stone axes, but Egon felt that this was stretching things too far. "All very interesting," I said, as hundreds of tons of stone bore down on us with frightening speed, "but what's all that got to do with hats?"

"Not hats," burred Slimer at this point, twisting in the air in those he'd found... "Bonneteeees!"

Slimer certainly has his moments. Those statues stopped immediately when he mentioned bonnets and I suddenly realised that they were getting into the spirit of Easter! They'd obviously heard the islanders talking about Easter Bonnet parades and wanted to join in. Simple, really. Weird, but simple. It was this discovery which saved our skins.

It wasn't so easy persuading a construction company to come out to Easter Island as fast as possible to put stone hats on stone statues, but somehow, Egon managed it. I think it was the company which had experienced problems with a demonic cement mixer a few weeks earlier.

So that was that. Well, almost, for just as we were leaving, Slimer found hundreds of eggs the islanders had hidden for their egg hunt. As the statues stood contentedly around in their hats, Slimer was on the run, trying to eat all the eggs before the islanders and Isabod could catch him. All I can say is that it was good job Peter wasn't around with a ghost trap!



GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Hi, folks! Here's the latest collection of mind-scrambling questions. Pick up those pens and keep them coming. You know what they say – a letter a day keeps the postman busy!

Dear Peter ...

Can you ask Winston if his aunt is really that bossy.

—Kirk Sharland, Fairford

I don't need to ask Winston that. We all experienced more than enough of her to come to the conclusion that she isn't bossy. ... she's extremely bossy!

Please can you stop Egon from using the long words he likes so much, or put their meanings in brackets.

—Paul Edwards, Yateley

I'm afraid that this is impossible. Egon can't speak unless he uses an elongated and highly voluminous vocabulary. He is, after all, a man of learning. You can always try and use a dictionary.

Can humans be friends with ghosts?

—Paul Maitland, Essex

Of course, not all ghosts are malevolent. Some of them are positively and overwhelmingly friendly. Take Slimer, for example. Hmm, yes, take Slimer.

I have some questions for you:

1. Where do you get your hair done?
2. Did you ever get the ghost in the library?
3. Can you buy *Tobin's Spirit Guide* from good bookshops.

—Richard Newton, Doncaster

*1. I'm not quite sure why everyone is so obsessed with my hair-style. What's going on? Is this some kind of conspiracy? 2. No, we didn't managed to catch hold of that one. That was our first real encounter with a ghost and we didn't know how to deal with it at the time. 3. I'm sorry, but you can't get *Tobin's Spirit Guide* that easily. It's not in print.*

I think you are cool, but Slimer is cooler. Please could you answer my questions:

1. If Slimer could have any ghost friend to stay at HQ, who would it be and why?
2. What would you think if Slimer had a ghost friend in HQ?
3. What would you do if Slimer took over your comic?
4. What do you think of Blimey, it's Slimer? I think it's great and am very glad that it now has a full page.

—Jonathan Stones, Darrington

Thank you for your questions, Jonathan.

1. If Slimer could have anyone to stay, I'm pretty sure that he would have the ghost of a once-famous chef here as they could share cookery tips with each other. 2. I actually think that might be quite a good idea. Anything that stops him from sliming me in the comfort of my own house has to be a good idea! 3. He won't. 4. I'm glad you like Blimey, it's Slimer! I think it's great, too. He's a little gunk-ball, but I must admit, he's a funny little gunk-ball!

I've been wanting to know for a long time why you call yourselves *The Real Ghostbusters*. Also, I'd like to say that I thoroughly enjoyed the Christmas Spengler's Spirit Guide when the whole team helped Egon to write it.

—Rebecca Lloyd, Rhyl

*We call ourselves *The Real Ghostbusters*, because that's what we are. No pretence, no tricks. ... just plain scientific busting. I'm glad you enjoyed the Christmas Spirit Guide. It's nice to know that our efforts have been appreciated!*

Why does the ghost trap have yellow and black stripes on it? PS Did you know that the Marshmallow Man has only four fingers?

—Callum Fauser, Clacton-on-Sea.

Why not? Apart from looking rather natty, the stripes help us to direct our spooks towards the trap. PS Yes

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

A GRAPHIC NOVEL

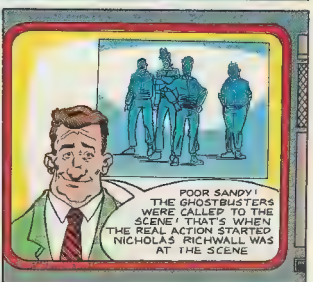
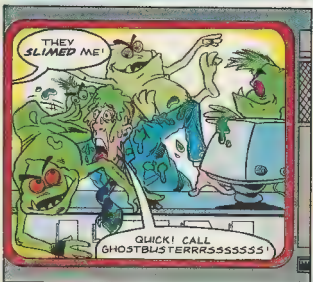
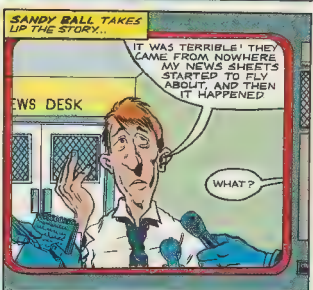
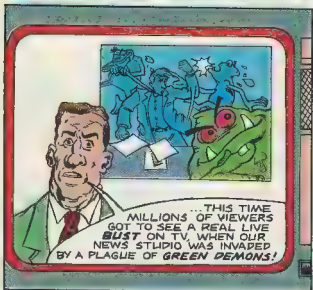
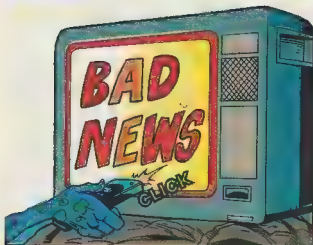
WILLIAM STEEL



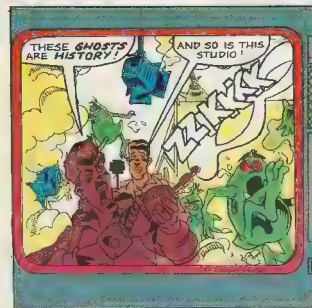
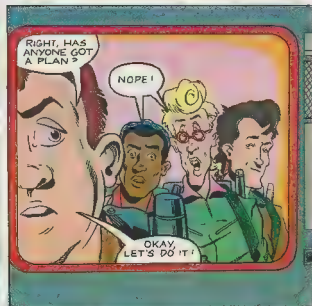
Coming very soon from MARVEL!

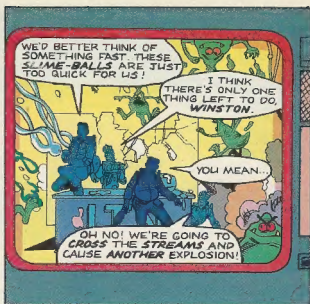
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

NEW YORK...



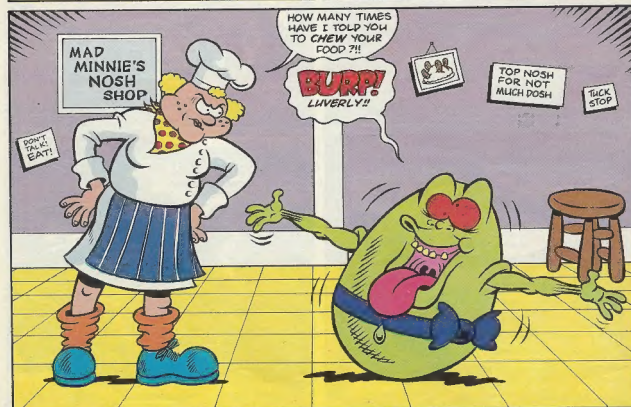
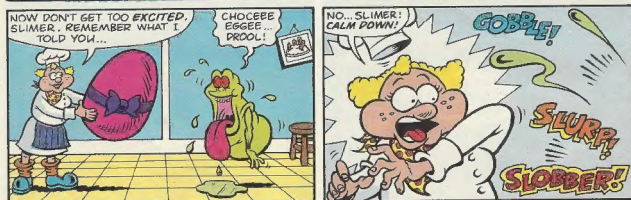
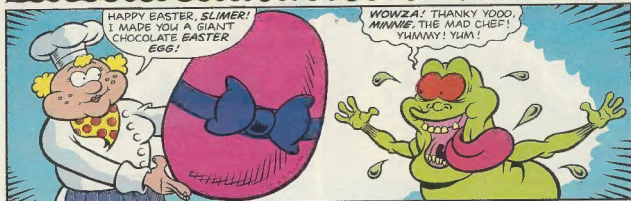
Story JOHN CARNELL Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and TIM PERKINS Lettering TOM LEARNER Colouring STUART PLACE





BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



Story BAMBOS Art and Lettering BAMBOS Colouring HEL

YOUR MUMMY WOULDN'T LIKE IT!



THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 210** The final confrontation! Starscream's power is growing by the minute, and the combined Autobot/Decepticon forces are being wiped out. Who wins? More importantly, who survives?! Read part 3 of **Dark Star** and find out! Story by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 41** Our intrepid heroes make their TV debut in **Bad News**, when the studio is invaded by demons! The demonic trend continues in **Pop Goes the Demon**, where a child's toy balloon isn't quite what it seems. Stories by Carnell, Williams, Perkins and Harwood. All the usual features and loads more!

☐ **DRAGON'S CLAWS 10** The final issue! Yes, it's true! But it goes down fighting with Dragon searching for his family, a car chase you wouldn't believe and a lot of home truths learned along the way. **End Of The Road** is by Furman and Senior.

☐ **THUNDERCATS 95** The first monthly issue, with two great strip stories. **Wilykat's Lair**, by Brenner, Coleby and Baskerville, has Wilykat setting out to build his own home, with the usual disastrous results. Then there's the classic **Worlds in Chaos**, by Furman, Harwood and Gascoine. Also, there are all the usual features – a text story by Abnett, jokes page, colouring page and, last but not least, **FREE STICKERS!**

DON'T MISS...

☐ **DOCTOR WHO 147** A bumper issue! A full colour season 25 guide, with new photos, story details, missing scenes, production notes, etc. Interviews with the writer of the latest Dalek story, Ben Aaronovitch, and Ian Briggs, winner of last year's reader's poll. Also, a strip story with a difference! The Doctor meets – the Sleeze Brothers? Story by Carnell, Higgins, Lanning, Braithwaite and many more!

ON SALE NOW!

PUT
NEW
IMPROVED
LIQUID
INTO YOUR
MACHINE!

NOW
WEEKLY!

ISSUE 14 -
FREE SLIMY JELLY!

ISSUE 15 -
FREE GHOSTBUSTERS STICKERS

ISSUE 16 - FREE SNAPPY BADGES!



Ingredients:

The Real Ghostbusters
Halibut Square
Betty Boop
Popeye
Droids
Tom & Jerry
Defenders of the Earth

Colours: E43 E682 R2-D2
C-3PO and ECTO 1